

in this place lately. there is saying a corpse
man that was well as usual on Wednesday
and died on Friday morning, which was
formerly a scholar of mine. A young man
by the name of Robinson was killed by being
struck on the head at the Woodland Cemetery,
John Staily, the grandfather of John, is dead.
William Hedges is also deceased.
There are two persons residing in this
borough who have been bitten by a dog
exposed to the in a naked state. Nathan
Hedges is deceased. I know of nothing at
present that can interest you, as I go
no where from home.

I remain your affectionate
son
Anna W. Hancock

West Philadelphia June 3rd 1849

Dear Brother

I received your letter on Friday
at noon just as I came home from the school
room, when I came in I remarked that I
was very tired and nearly exhausted, from
my arduous labors, as I am conducting
a Public examination of the school imposed
on me by the Directors, who being the second
in nine months. I have 135 scholars, with but
one assistant, tomorrow I am to take in all the
have made application. we shall then have over 150
our Directors are somewhat like the Egyptian task
masters. I feel very often as though I would
sink under the weight of responsibility, and
labour imposed on me, by a heartless Ministry.
I have not been well since last November.
I took a severe cold, being exposed to the inclemencies
by the severest winter I ever experienced, this
was a continuation of cold, and snow for
several weeks, some of the ablest inhabitants say
it was the coldest ever occurred since this revolution.
I think it was eleven weeks before I was re-
lieved of my cold, it finally settled in my left
side, which occasions a good deal of pain.
sometimes I can scarcely lie on it, it is my

opinion that my time is very much
affected. I have also an ugly cough, tho'
however is getting rather better. I hope now
the warm weather is approaching. I what
get entirely well, we have had but a few
days of warm weather all season. Today is
pleasant. the heat of the place is generally
very good. I know of no sickness at present. There
will be a few cases of Cholera, reported in the city
some time since, but at present, the Board of
Health report, there are none.

On the first page, telling you the remark I
made on Friday but did not finish, they
answered me by saying they had something
for me, which they thought would cure
me. I wanted to know what it was
they held up a letter, at first I was afraid to
look at it for fear that it contained painful
intelligence, but as soon as I saw the letter
my fears were all at an end, and you
may rest assured I felt heartily glad to
receive a letter written by yourself. The last
letter I received from you was dated Jan
29th I think, it did not come to hand until
the middle of Feb'y, I answered it im-
mediately, and took great pains to direct

it correctly, but have never received an
answer, I waited a long time, not then
hearing from you, I concluded to write to
you at Elliotville, but it was impeded
so deeply on my mind that you had fallen
a victim to the Cholera, that I gathered
fortitude to write to Mr. Elliot. I attempted
several times to write to him but found
that I would not be able to hear from him
until the Daily news gave such dreadful
accounts from the South and West, of the
savages of the Cholera, and also of the de-
struction of property by fire and water. I
gathered courage to do it and learn the
worst. I feel heartily glad that I wrote.
Please tender my thanks to your friend
Mr. Elliot. If an apology is necessary, please
apologize.

I thought strikes me while I am writing,
would it not be best if you are taken sick
at any future time, provided you are not
able to write to get someone to write for
you and let us know it. This will relieve
us from a great deal of anxiety, and I
will pursue the same course.
All our friends, so far as I know are

well. Harriet and Maria, both visited me a few weeks since they were well. Maria had a gathered hand during the winter, but it is now well. Thomas, called one evening a few minutes, in Feb^y the same week that I received your letter, he was well. He said it was his intention to make me a regular visit, in eight or ten days, but have not seen him since.

Thomas Fisher, has moved home again to his mother. Mary Fisher is married to Mr. Olin. He also lives at Hunt's, Lydia Doon, I expect will be married to a Mr. Fane this fall, he is about 60, she near 40. John Chailey, "son" died in December last, he was buried the 19th of Dec. Hunt & Chailey were buried the 11th of May. He lived to see her eightieth year. Hunt & Harriet and Thomas are well. Augustine is still the same, but remains at home. West Philad^a is improving rapidly. There are a large number of buildings at present, being erected. I fear of nothing else that would be interesting and will close by saying write soon, let us exchange letters at least once a month whenever it be practicable, with much regard

Yours affectionate

sister

Anna W. Chailey

P. S. If we never meet on earth, let us strive to make sure reward for Heaven. I feel that my troubles will never have an end while on earth, I am resolved therefore to secure a resting place where the wicked cease to trouble, and the weary are at rest.

Yours well,

W. G.